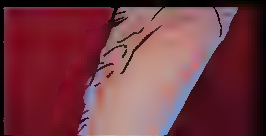
Beyond the door, stands a delivery man.

Knife in hand.

Ready to deliver your Death,



AHHH! SO EFFIN nerve-racking. I can't—

Death isn't scary, pain

Uh...
Whose frontal lobe would sanction such an atrocious death?
I didn't order this.
Wut?
Well...
shiet.
Awks.
I mean, yes. I looked into euthanasia on the deep web and stuff.
So more like doctors, needles etc. Not a knife wielding psychopath...
SIGH
I also was just browsing, never submitted my information.
He must have tracked me down via my IP address or something.

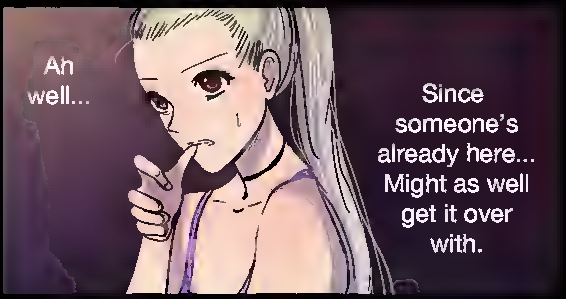
LINE Webtoon

The Talking Dog

Part 04

SNAILORDS

KNOCK


Ah well...
Since someone's already here... Might as well get it over with.

CREAK

SCAAA

as ordered.

SCRAPPPEEE

SCAAAFFFFF....

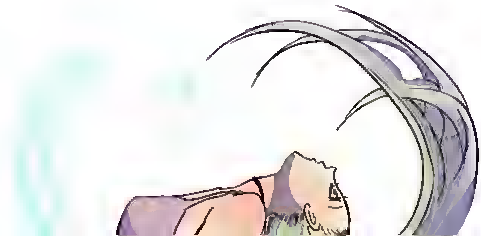
I can't—

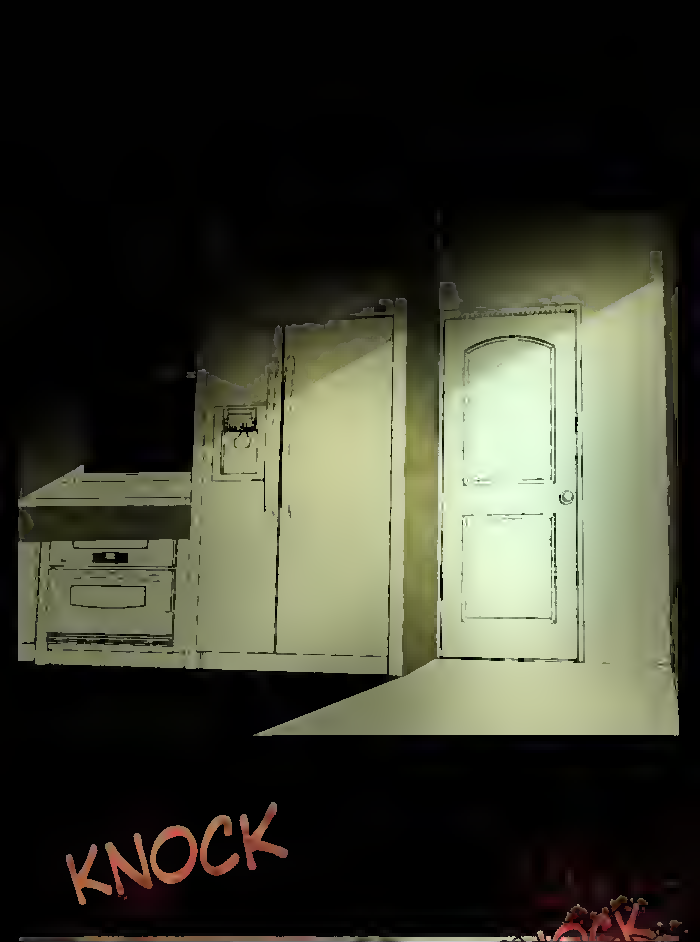
is!

Hyperventilates

HAH
HAH
HAH

Let me
assist
you.




KNOCK